

BILLY KENNEL MAYOR GUARD NEARLY 23 YEARS IN CITY HALL

Lieutenant Who Handles Dozens of Cranks Yearly and Who Greets Distinguished Visitors Decides Not to Retire From Police Force Next Month Despite First Announcement

UNLESS something unforeseen happens in the meantime, Lieut. Billy Kennel will be found at his customary place outside of the Mayor's office in City Hall when the twenty-third anniversary of his appointment as official guardian of the Mayor of New York arrives on February 28. This news may not be exactly reassuring to the cranks who have planned to visit the City Hall and lay their schemes and woe before the Mayor, but it is the best kind of news to the law-abiding citizens of the metropolis who believe that their executive should be protected every minute of the day.

Less than a month ago there were serious doubts that Billy would be in active service on his anniversary day. In the latter part of December the man who has guarded seven Mayors was accused that he had had enough of the nerve racking job and he applied to former Police Commissioner Woods for retirement. Thus it looked as if City Hall would see the last of Billy Kennel as an active official. Fortunately Billy's friends decided that the Mayor of New York could not get along without the advice and counsel of such a competent guardian and they prevailed on Billy to withdraw his application. But in two years more, at the end of twenty-five years continuous service, he will be retired automatically.

Billy Kennel has been at City Hall for such a long stretch of years that few of the present generation know how he came to be appointed. It was Mayor Strong who conceived the idea that a police guard would be the proper thing in City Hall. That was back in 1895. Kennel was the policeman sent in response to Mayor Strong's suggestion.

How He Landed the Job.

It is related that Kennel was appointed to the post by Supt. Byrnes in a peculiar way. According to the story Kennel was ordered to deliver a letter by Byrnes to Mayor Strong and get an answer. Kennel delivered the letter, and after the Mayor read its contents he turned to Kennel and said, "That's all."

"Your honor, I was told to get a reply to the letter," said Kennel timidly. "Oh, well, I'll telephone the answer," replied the Mayor.

Kennel returned to Headquarters and told Byrnes what the Mayor had said. But the Superintendent did not appear to be surprised; instead he turned to Kennel, extended his hand and said: "Kennel, you have been chosen to go to City Hall and be the Mayor's guard. Remember while

there you represent the entire department. As the citizens find out they will expect to find all."

The first thing that Billy learned about his new job was that he would have to deal with a crank or two. Moreover, he discovered that it was the greatest place in the city in which to study human nature. He soon learned how to deal with the cranks and quickly perfected a method of handling them. This enabled him to get rid of the cranks without disturbing the Mayor and without creating excitement. Twenty-three years of experience has helped him to perfect his methods, and now the presence of half a dozen cranks a day does not bother him in the least. His rapid fire methods have been so convincing that the majority of cranks that they have no business with the Mayor; that they can refer their troubles or alleged troubles to the heads of departments. Billy has learned that Monday, Wednesday and Friday are the favorite days on which cranks call. The other days are comparatively quiet. Except in the case of Monday, Billy cannot explain why cranks pick out these three days. Apropos of Monday, he says that cranks have plenty of time on Sunday to think up their schemes, and the following day they call at City Hall to air them. That sounds logical, doesn't it?

Most Cranks Harmless.

As a matter of fact, the cranks Billy has to deal with are not of the dangerous type, although they are often obnoxious. They are mostly of the kind that are imbued with the idea that they have alleged grievances that the Mayor should learn of personally. There are others who come to the City Hall to borrow money from the Mayor. They imagine that because of their position as chief executive he ought to assist them financially. Many times Billy has dug down in his own pocket to assist those who appeared to be worthy; but he never permits any of them to see the Mayor.

There was an occasion some years ago when a couple came to City Hall to borrow money. They made no noise that they attracted the attention of the then Mayor. The latter came out of his office and gave Kennel 50 cents to give to them, remarking afterwards that he thought he had got rid of them cheaply.

Others who have the Mayor in mind are the "check" men. They are not legitimate checks, of course, but checks which the holders imagine are negotiable. Usually Billy has some trouble in convincing these persons that the Mayor hasn't the authority to endorse checks.

If these persons insist Billy sometimes endorses them himself and sends the holders away happy and smiling.

Not all the cranks come to City Hall on supposedly serious business. Many come on amusing errands. Once Billy had to handle a man who came to train the Mayor's voice. Only when the Lieutenant explained that the Mayor's voice was in no condition to be cultivated did the man consent to go away.

On another occasion a woman came to the City Hall and complained that she had not received her rent for the City Hall. It was the first time that Billy learned that the old structure had a landlady, but finally he relieved her anxiety by telling her that she would receive a check in the morning. She went away and never returned.

Inventors Also Among Them.

Another class of cranks who visit the City Hall are inventors who imagine that they have perfected wonderful ideas which only need financial assistance from the City to make them practical. They usually come to the Mayor and when he does he means business. Billy has the power to grant them all kinds of assistance. Billy has dealt with all kinds in this class, from the man who wanted to build a bridge across the Atlantic to the inventor of a machine to lend him \$100,000,000, to one woman who thought she was Cleopatra and wanted the Mayor to adjust her difficulties with Mark Antony.

But the most amusing of all are times on which he is called on to entertain visitors from the suburbs and small towns who suppose that the Mayor has nothing else to do but shake hands with them. Billy has to deal with these visitors, for they are more impatient than any others.

Once, when George D. McClellan was Mayor, two visitors came from the suburbs and told Kennel they wished to see the Mayor because they were acquainted with him. Billy informed the Mayor of their presence. The latter came out of his office and shook hands with them. Later they returned, somewhat anxiously, and wanted to know if it really was the Mayor they had talked to. Billy had hard work convincing them that such was the case.

But all of Billy's efforts have not been expended in dealing with harmless persons. Take, for instance, the case of a man who walked into the Mayor's office and insisted on seeing the Mayor. Billy by patient questioning learned that the visitor accused the executive of withholding his railroad ticket to Jersey. The man's actions and language convinced



LIEUT. BILLY KENNEL, BODYGUARD FOR MANY MAYORS.

Billy that he had a serious case. Billy tried his best to reason with the visitor, but when these failed to employ the "strong arm" method.

Anybody acquainted with Billy knows that when the occasion warrants he can cast aside his mild, tactful manner and when he does he means business. That is exactly what Billy did when the visitor refused to listen to reason. When the latter threatened to blow up the building Billy knew that the time for action had arrived. The two grappled, Kennel was thrown to the floor, but just when it appeared as if the visitor was getting the upper hand Billy rolled the visitor over on his back. Then he pinioned him until assistance arrived. He was carried to the dungeon underneath the building and later removed to Bellevue Hospital, where an examination disclosed the fact that he had no serious injuries.

Don't suppose, however, that Billy's working day is confined to dealing with cranks. It is not. He has many duties to perform, and not all of them

are routine. He is prepared to meet all emergencies and prove of this was furnished last May when the cupola of the City Hall was burned.

Billy was sitting at his desk, when just about noon the cry of "fire" rang through the historic old structure. Kennel sprang up in an instant and rushed upstairs to the roof of the building. Thick brown smoke was already coming from the crevices in the cupola. Without losing a minute Billy returned and did what he could in saving anything of value from both fire and smoke pending the arrival of the firemen.

But this was not all that Billy did on that memorable day. Later he personally lowered the American flag above the figure of Justice; then he took down the Allied flag, the city and State flags. Finally he helped the women in dressing their children and assisted in subduing the blaze. But that was all part of Billy's day of work.

When Marshal Joffre, the veteran hero of the Marne, visited New York

Italian, the Japanese and the Serbian commissioners there was no hitch of any kind, because Billy was fitting here, there and everywhere, seeing that things took their proper course. That's the kind of man Billy Kennel is; he's particular, and everything must be run according to schedule.

During his twenty-three year reign Billy has met many important personages, and he numbers them all among his friends. These include: Prince Louis of Battenberg, Admiral Togo of the Japanese navy, Li Hung Chang, the Duke of Veragua, Prince Henry of Prussia, Admiral Konde of the German navy, Prince Fushimi of Japan and Count Szechenyi, who went to City Hall with Gladys Vanderbilt to get a marriage license. During the Hudson-Fulton celebration, the high naval and military authorities of the world visited City Hall and Kennel talked with many of them. Some of them have passed away, but Billy's list of friends is such a long one the few deaths are hardly noticeable.

When the Marriage License Bureau was in the City Hall Billy stood up for many a blushing bride. He has compiled quite a record in this respect, and it makes him smile when he thinks of it. Although he always has been accommodating, there is no doubt that Billy was relieved when the marriage bureau was moved away.

There is a story told of how a blind beggar once brought his blind dog to the City Hall just after the Aldermen had left for the day. They wanted to get married, and they pleaded so hard with Billy the latter was moved to go into the Mayor's chamber and ask that the blind dog be allowed to stay in the City Hall. Later one of the contracting parties was arrested for bigamy. With that experience in mind Billy was chary of ever again disturbing the Mayor, and he never did.

Typical New Yorker.

Billy Kennel is a typical New Yorker. He is a good looking, muscular and handsome in his uniform of a dignified policeman. He is white haired, dignified, gentle in appearance, and always smiling. Probably this is the reason why the cranks have no fear of stating their business to him. It's a fact that the great majority of the cranks who come to the City Hall for some reason or other, are New Yorkers. Billy's duties are not confined to guarding the Mayor in the daytime; he watches over him at night as well. This is so when the Mayor has to attend official dinners or celebrations. Tien Billy usually can be found at the executive's side.

There was one time when Billy was absent from the Mayor's side that he always has regretted; that was when the late Mayor Gaynor was shot by a former city employee named Gallagher. Billy shakes his head gravely when the incident is mentioned because he feels certain that if he had accompanied Mayor Gaynor on his trip to the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse he could have prevented Gallagher from shooting the Mayor.

During his twenty-three years in the City Hall Billy has served seven Mayors and Mayor Hylan makes the eighth. They include Mayors Strong, Van Wyck, Low, McClellan, and (two terms), Grayson, Kline and Mitchell. He also has served acting Mayors Charles V. Fernald, "Little Tim" Sullivan, Patrick H. McGowan and John Purroy Mitchell.

Now while Billy is still active, the Lieutenant has had less than fifty days off on account of illness. That's a remarkable record for any official. Kennel was born on July 24, 1864, and was a butcher before joining the police. After his appointment to the force on September 1, 1890, he patrolled the East Side for four years. One of the buildings he patrolled in the records of the Police Department occurred in 1894, when he saved the lives of many persons in the old Florence Building, Second avenue and First street. Chief Justice Stecker was holding court in the building when Kennel noticed the fire. He got all the people out of the building quickly. Later an examination disclosed that the supports had given way and the building had to be repaired.

OLD MAN'S GAME GETS BAD BUMP

Mr. Owen Pepper and Jim Blaisdell Add to Proprietor's Ire by Their Caustic Comments

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

THEY are them," said old man Greenlaw, casting a dark look in the direction of Mr. Blaisdell, "what 'pears to reckon what the world wouldn't go 'round on its axle no mo' if it was to quit the game. 'Fears like they gets that puffed with a feelin' of 'importance, what they c'nalders 'emself the hull works."

"I ain't a sayin' but what they be mo' 'r less 'important at that. Mebbe they is. But they ain't nobody what's 'tential to the well bain' of the 'emunity what things went go along nigh 'bout the same what they did afo' case of him bein' taken away sudden. 'Tis 'indispensable man ain't nobody 'specially 'important, even if it is an 'bit 'im.' And the old man's dark look at Mr. Blaisdell deepened into a glare of defiance, as if he was fully prepared for a retort, but no.

Mr. Blaisdell merely sneered. He did it very contemptuously, but silently. It could have been seen enough if the old man had spoken thus when there was nobody in his little saloon in Arkansas City excepting the four who had so long worked in cahoots with him. There would have been discord and possibly strife engendered, but nobody outside the little circle would have been the wiser. Nothing about it would have been patched up, but again no.

Mr. Pepper bats in. Mr. Owen Pepper was among those present at the time and it was characteristic of Mr. Pepper to butt in, regardless of the advisability of doing it, and regardless also of the preference of those who might hear what he had to say.

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Pepper said on this occasion. "I reckon they is a heap of 'em what's 'indispensable sometimes. Take it when a boat's swine 'round a bend in the river, if the pilot was to drop dead of a sudden 'me' 'n likely she'd run onto a bar."

Probably nothing would ever have sufficed to cure Mr. Pepper of his habit of chucking malapropos observations into a discussion in which he had no business to participate, but he had learned to be wary about it in old man Greenlaw's saloon from previous experience, and the concluding words of this piece of impertinence were spoken while he was in the act of passing through the doorway of the saloon, wherefore it was manifestly impossible to rebuke him as he deserved, and instead of saying anything to him the five who remained in the saloon looked foolishly at one another.

Collectively the group might have been likened to a pack of hunting dogs that had suddenly discovered that the varmint they might have captured had escaped them. The dogs' eyes were fixed on Mr. Pepper, and they were all hard to say what the dogs might think of it if they were informed of its having been drawn. It seems apt enough, however, to excuse its use.

Old man Greenlaw, as the leader of the pack, was furious. Blue veins stood out in his forehead, and he glared regretfully at his bungler and strove to collect himself sufficiently to say something fitting to the occasion.

Mr. Joe Bassett had also an expression of baffled rage that was far from pleasing to the eye, and he laid his finger on his lip, as if to keep some difficulty in looking cynically indifferent.

Jim Blaisdell Shows Glee.

Mr. Jim Blaisdell, however, made no effort to conceal his glee at the nastiness and completeness with which Mr. Pepper had exposed the fact of the varmint's escape. Mr. Blaisdell found the old man's discomfort so enjoyable that he was evidently wasting no thought whatever on Mr. Pepper.

Then, as dogs sometimes do under such circumstances, they began yapping at one another. The fact of stating their business to him. It's a fact that the great majority of the cranks who come to the City Hall for some reason or other, are New Yorkers. Billy's duties are not confined to guarding the Mayor in the daytime; he watches over him at night as well. This is so when the Mayor has to attend official dinners or celebrations. Tien Billy usually can be found at the executive's side.

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resent anything that might be said or done to him. He seemed almost on the verge of collapse.

It was not an auspicious time for strangers to come in. That was a question to be settled by those concerned according to the individual point of view. It was perhaps fortunate for the first one who arrived that he was accompanied by another one. Two might not have stood any better chance than one in the game, but there had been six playing, but in the absence of Mr. Blaisdell and Mr. Bassett it was necessarily four handed, for the old man seldom or never sat in himself.

Not even yet, however, was he prepared to admit, even to himself, that either Bassett or Mr. Blaisdell was indispensable to the welfare of the house on such an occasion, and he made no bones of proposing a session in the back room after the strangers had satisfied their first cravings.

Strangers Hesitate.

The strangers showed some hesitation at first when the suggestion was made, but after they had looked meaningfully at each other one said, "I reckon mebbe we might take a chance." And the other said, "I reckon we might." So they sat down with Mr. Winterbottom and Mr. Fernald, and the old man brought them cards and chips.

Neither of the two house players displayed any reluctance to engage in the coming contest. Whatever else might have been said of either of them, it was not that they were afraid. It is doubtful if they would have tackled the one-eyed man, either singly or together, but either one of them would have been unhesitatingly have sat in at any poker game whatever where the one-eyed man was not.

If they gave a thought to their absent companions it is more than likely that they were reckoning up the division of the probable profits of the game and congratulating themselves on the prospect of obtaining a larger share thereof than had fallen to them had the others been there to participate in the game. Their expression when the play began betokened calm confidence.

The two strangers, however, seemed equally unafraid. They did not look like professionals even to the trained observation of the Arkansas City men, but there seemed to be a fairly good understanding between them.

Once In, It Means Tied.

No great bluffs of time, however, was needed to establish the fact that they were both familiar with the usages of the game, and that with the further fact that they were by no means timid about putting up their money when they had cards to justify it.

That being so, it seemed obvious to Mr. Bassett that it would be advisable to ask if the other should have such and such a card, and then to him he made it his business to see that they got them. Naturally this tended to accelerate the play, or at least it would have done so had it not been that the strangers regarded Mr. Bassett's performance with the deck first with suspicion and then with amusement and before to back the hands he gave them.

This would not have happened if Mr. Blaisdell had been the dealer, for so perfect was that gentleman's technique that no one had ever been able to detect even the faintest of his tricks. Mr. Blaisdell had also been the dealer, for so perfect was that gentleman's technique that no one had ever been able to detect even the faintest of his tricks.

With Mr. Bassett it was different. When he dealt, he dealt as a player, and he would fall to the player when he dealt, but a greatly experienced player would sometimes see what he was doing, wherefore Mr. Bassett had been shot at more than once, though he had so far escaped serious injury. Mr. Blaisdell had also been shot at occasionally, but never because of the manner in which he handled the deck.

These two strangers did not shoot at Mr. Bassett. It may have been because they were too greatly concerned in picking up easy money to be willing to break up the game by fore getting it. Or again it might have been because they felt justified by his efforts in doing just what he did.

Did Not Protest.

They did not explain their motives, nor did they enter any protest. They just played along, being careful to avoid raising any awkward amount of money. Mr. Bassett dealt, and Mr. Blaisdell stood by, and the old man brought them cards and chips.

Neither Mr. Winterbottom nor Mr. Bassett showed hesitation in betting on these occasions, but what was the use? They did not want to win from each other.

So it came about that in a casual results were obtained in the game, and a considerable time, despite the gathering possibility that seemed to present themselves now and again, but though the pots were modest the greater number of them fell to the strangers, so that they were both of them winners of considerable sums of money. The strangers were both of them winners of considerable sums of money. The strangers were both of them winners of considerable sums of money.

"I reckon they ain't no call to do nothin' to Pepper 'long of what he done said," was Mr. Blaisdell's remark, and he grinned maliciously as he spoke. "He sho' 'peared like he knewed what he was talkin' about, I never give him no credit afo' 'favin' that munny 'n' tellin' 'em."

"Oh, Pepper's 'intelligent enough," said Mr. Bassett, who also grinned openly if not ostentatiously while he spoke. "I reckon if he was to set 'round into our midst mo' of the time 'n' what he does, an' was to tell us some 'sneakin' 'bout what he don't know 'bout munny 'n' tellin' 'em."

And he looked at old man Greenlaw in a most irritating way. "The old man, however, was in no condition to say anything more.

WINTER RESORTS ATTRACT MANY FOR LENT

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 16.

VISITORS at Lakewood underwent this week one of those lightening changes in sports and habits which can only be brought about by the singular weather of the winter months. Lakewood, which is situated 12 miles to the east of New York City, has been a winter resort for many years, and it is now attracting a large number of visitors.

The weather here is just what is needed for a winter resort. It is not too hot, and it is not too cold. It is just what is needed for a winter resort. It is not too hot, and it is not too cold. It is just what is needed for a winter resort.

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Mrs. C. R. Dallah: Mr. and Mrs. H. T. King of Tuxedo, Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Hardy and Frank C. Hutchinson of New York.

Among those registering this week at the Laurel House were Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Shonemaker, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Brown and Mrs. E. M. Cutler of New York.

Miss Elizabeth M. Mordant returned this week after a fortnight in New York, and she and her mother, Mrs. Francis L. Mordant, were joined for the holiday by Drayton Burrill, Jr., of New York.

Judge George C. Holt and his daughter, Miss Sylvia Holt, of New York are expected to arrive here for a week. Judge Holt is of the United States District Court in New York. He is here for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sharkey are in Lakewood for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mr. Sharkey will represent the Associated Press.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reinhart are at the Laurel House. Mr. Reinhart is a member of the New York Yacht Club. He is here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mr. Reinhart will represent the Associated Press.

The Princess Bragance d'Avellar and her mother, Mrs. A. de Avellar, are at the Laurel House. They are here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mrs. Bragance d'Avellar will represent the Associated Press.

Mr. Eugene Heine of Philadelphia, who has just received an appointment to the Federal Reserve Board of the Washington Risk Bureau at Washington, is at the Laurel House.

At the Hotel Virginia are Miss Agnes Landon, Mrs. M. A. Hopkins, Miss A. J. Smith, Miss F. M. Kenney, Miss Josephine Kearney, Mrs. F. M. Glidden, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Witte, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Taylor, Miss Elizabeth Marshall of New York.

At the Hotel Palmer are Miss Gertrude Gilchrist, Mrs. J. C. Watson, Miss Dorothy Watson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Donahue, Mrs. E. W. White, Miss Gertrude Stillman, Mrs. E. H. Evans, Mrs. H. J. Padden, Dr. E. W. Wright and J. B. Roberts of New York.

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East Orange have taken apartments at the Hotel Chalfonts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Schneider of New York are stopping at the Seaside House. They are here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mr. Schneider will represent the Associated Press.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelphi Engel of New York are at the Hotel Royal Palace. They are here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mr. Engel will represent the Associated Press.

Miss Alice Houghton is a recent New York arrival at the Hotel Morton. James R. Gray motored from New York for a fortnight's sojourn at the Hotel Morton.

Mrs. J. W. McKoon of New York has apartments at the Hotel Whitelire. She is here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mrs. McKoon will represent the Associated Press.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Koster are numbered among the New York contingent registered at the Hotel Traymore. Mr. Charles R. Traymore and Mrs. H. M. Koster are here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mr. Traymore will represent the Associated Press.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Greely have joined the New York colony at the Hotel Traymore. They are here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mr. Greely will represent the Associated Press.

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Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Packer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Arlison, and Mrs. E. D. Miller of Brooklyn have taken up their abode at the Hotel Traymore for the month.

Brooklyn are Mrs. Franklin B. Yates of Brooklyn and Mrs. Morton visitors.

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Commander G. C. Ellis of Rome, Italy; Mrs. E. Rust Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Overton and their family, and Lieut. and Mrs. C. C. Hugh of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Thorne have joined the New York colony at the Hotel Denike. They are here for a few days before starting for Tokyo, Japan, where Mr. Thorne will represent the Associated Press.

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of these varieties landed at the famous landing camp this month.

Sixty friends were entertained at a tea on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. David T. Jones, wife of the Lord of Antrim, at the Hotel Traymore. The tea was given in honor of the Lord of Antrim, who is visiting in New York.

Rear Admiral James Dexter Adams, U. S. N., retired, arrived here early in the week from Albany and will spend the remainder of his visit at the hotel. He is a member of the